

THE

SANDMAN ♦ U N I V E R S E

Lucifer

8

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VERTIGO

MATURE
READERS
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THEY COME TO
THE ISLAND FROM
EACH CORNER OF
THE EARTH.

MANY TRAVEL
BY CAR AND
PLANE, THEN
BY BOAT.

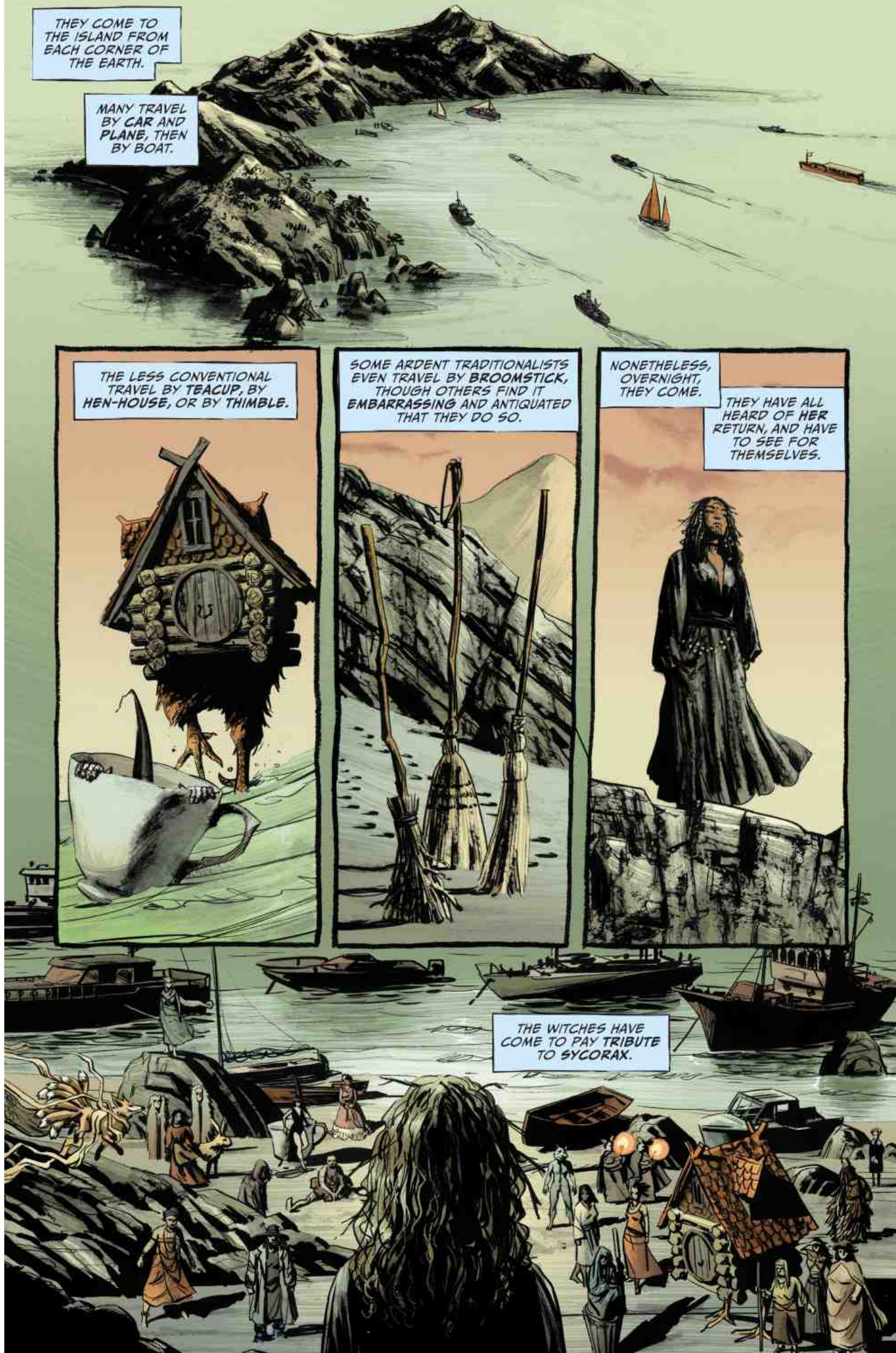
THE LESS CONVENTIONAL
TRAVEL BY TEACUP, BY
HEN-HOUSE, OR BY THIMBLE.

SOME ARDENT TRADITIONALISTS
EVEN TRAVEL BY BROOMSTICK,
THOUGH OTHERS FIND IT
EMBARRASSING AND ANTIQUATED
THAT THEY DO SO.

NONETHELESS,
OVERNIGHT,
THEY COME.

THEY HAVE ALL
HEARD OF HER
RETURN, AND HAVE
TO SEE FOR
THEMSELVES.

THE WITCHES HAVE
COME TO PAY TRIBUTE
TO SYCORAX.





WHAT DO THEY WANT?

I SHRINK RHEY'VE KHOM TUH PFAY SHRIBUHE.



SEND THEM AWAY. I HAVE NO TIME FOR THIS. SIXTY HOURS ON THIS EARTH, AND A SON TO SET TO RIGHTS.

NO TIME FOR US, QUEEN SYCORAX?



WHO ARE YOU? I SMELL THE DREAM KING ON YOU.

ONEIROS? I KNEW HIM. HE'S DEAD NOW. THAT ASPECT OF HIM AT LEAST.

PLENTY HAS CHANGED SINCE I DIED.



MY NAME IS THESSALY. I-- AND ALL OF US DOWN THERE--WE BROUGHT YOU BACK.

LUCIFER BROUGHT ME BACK.

NO.



HOW MUCH MAGIC DID IT TAKE YOU TO CREATE NEW FLESH? NEW BONES AND GUTS AND CAPILLARIES FROM THIN AIR?

NOTHING COMES FROM NOTHING, EVEN WHERE MAGIC IS CONCERNED.



"WE HEARD YOU. FROM EVERYWHERE ON EARTH. SCREAMING. TRYING TO GROW. TRYING TO RETURN.



"AND WE KNEW THAT YOU WERE ONE OF OUR OWN...SO WE LOANED YOU OUR STRENGTH AND SPELLS...



AND SOME OF US LOANED YOU OUR FLESH TO BUILD YOUR OWN.





"GONE
WHERE?"



CUH--COSA
VUOI?

What
do I want? I
want truth,
Padre.

It is said that
angels were seen
hovering above
these spires only
twelve hours
ago.



TH-THIS IS TRUE. ON
THE NEWS THEY WRITE
IT OFF AS MASS
HYSTERIA--

BUT YOU
STAND WHERE
A MIRACLE WAS
PERFORMED IN
HIS GREAT
GRACE.

So you
have proof of
your faith. Does
that make it faith
any longer?



The schism
between
knowing and
believing has
been joined.
Does your
worship not
ring all the
more hollow
for it?



YOU ARE IN
GREAT PAIN,
FIGLIO.



My mother
taught me when I
was a child to worship
Serebos. He who was
in the moon.

And now I
have learned that she
invented him for me.
She says she would not
have me worship any
god that was real.
For those ones
are cruel.

THERE
IS ONLY
ONE GOD. AND
HE IS NOT
CRUEL.



No,
Padre?



And yet
he gave
me this
face.



IT--IT IS
EASY TO
BLAME GOD,
WHEN...

FATHER
PROSPERO!
ARE YOU OKAY?
THE DOOR WAS
FORCED...



I AM FINE!
GO UPSTAIRS. I
SHALL FOLLOW
SHORTLY.

Prospero...?
Is your family
an old one?



I
WOULDN'T BE
ABLE TO TELL
YOU. IT'S JUST
THE NAME I
HAVE.

You'd best
be off, Padre
Prospero.



Run
from me,
as God
has.



HE
IS EVERY-
WHERE. HE
DOES NOT
RUN.

YOUR
NAME IS
CALIBAN,
IS IT
NOT?



I AM
DIRI, OF THE
CHERUBIM.
HE HAS
SENT ME AS
MESSENGER.

HE
WOULD
SPEAK
TO YOU.
COME
WITH
ME.

Wh-where?

YOU
KNOW
WHERE...

"TO THE PLACE
ALL SEEK."

I AM THEY
CALLED **RAGUEL**,
OF THE FIRST MADE,
THE SWORD AND
VENGEANCE OF THE
LORD. I AM HIS **EYE**,
SWEEPING THE
WORLD TO CAST
JUDGMENT...

YET I
HAVE LOST
SIGHT OF THE
SINNER **SYCORAX**,
AND ALL THOSE
WHO STOOD WITH
MY FALLEN
BROTHER,
LUCIFER.

ALL BUT
YOU, **CALIBAN**,
WHO CAME FROM
NOWHERE TO
CONSORT WITH
DEVILS AND
WITCHES.

SPEAK
NOW, IN THE
HOLY PRESENCE.
WHAT MANNER
OF BEING ARE
YOU?

AND
WHERE HAS
LUCIFER HIDDEN
SYCORAX FROM
THE LORD'S EYE?
WHAT PLOT DOES
THE **ADVERSARY**
FORM AGAINST
HIM?

This...
you have
brought me to
Heaven?

BOW,
MORTAL
THING. YOU
STAND
AMONGST
THE SPIRES
OF THE
**SILVER
CITY**.

It is beautiful.
More than I ever
could have hoped
for.

"TO THE PLACE
ALL SEEK."

I AM THEY
CALLED **RAGUEL**,
OF THE FIRST MADE,
THE SWORD AND
VENGEANCE OF THE
LORD. I AM HIS **EYE**,
SWEEPING THE
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This...
you have
brought me to
Heaven?

BOW,
MORTAL
THING. YOU
STAND
AMONGST
THE SPIRES
OF THE
**SILVER
CITY**.

It is beautiful.
More than I ever
could have hoped
for.



YOU
TEST OUR
PATIENCE,
MORTAL.

My fa--

Lucifer.
Has no plan
against you.



YOUR
FATHER?
HE IS
YOUR
FATHER.

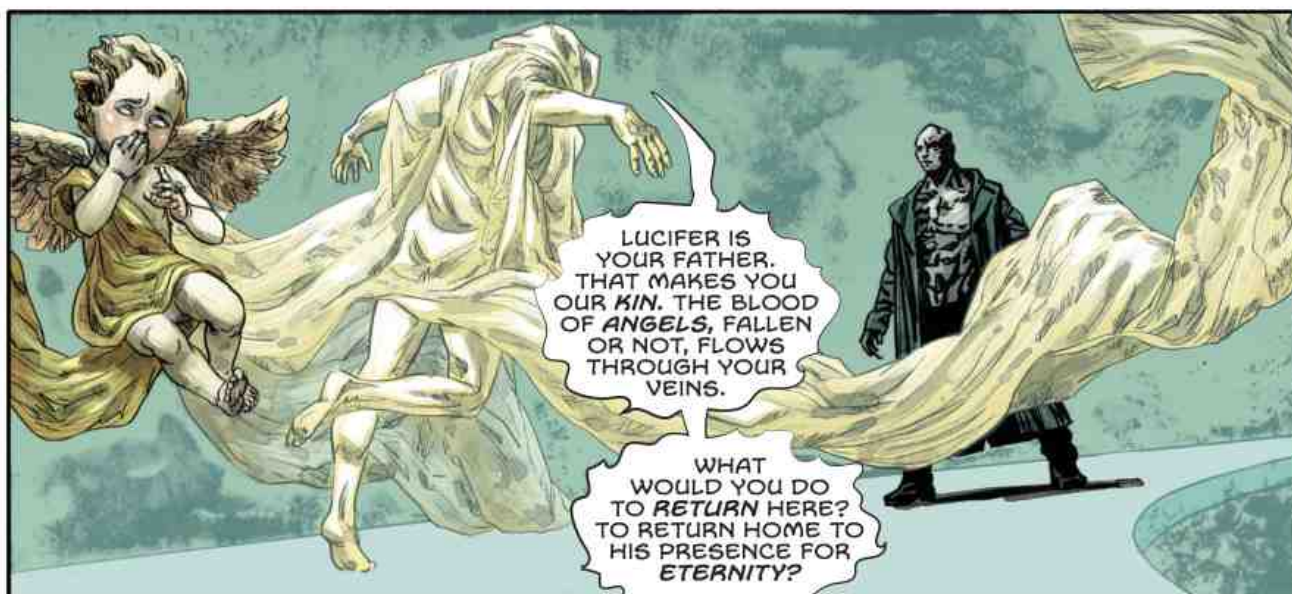
THAT IS WHY
YOU LIE FOR HIM.
A MORTAL SIN, BUT
ONE SHALL NOT BE
JUDGED FOR NOT
STANDING AGAINST
THEIR FATHER. IT
HAS LONG BEEN
DECREED.

I do
not lie.



EITHER YOU
DO, OR THE
CHERUB DIRI HAS
LEARNED TO LIE
SINCE SEEKING
YOU.

HUUUUURTING.



LUCIFER IS
YOUR FATHER.
THAT MAKES YOU
OUR *KIN*. THE BLOOD
OF *ANGELS*, FALLEN
OR NOT, FLOWS
THROUGH YOUR
VEINS.

WHAT
WOULD YOU DO
TO RETURN HERE?
TO RETURN HOME TO
HIS PRESENCE FOR
ETERNITY?



I WOULD NOT *COMPEL*
YOU TO REVEAL YOUR
MOTHER'S LOCATION
TO US. TO DO AS
SUCH WOULD BE
SACRILEGE.

BUT WILL YOU
STAND AGAINST THE
DEVIL WITH US? AT
HIS SIDE...BUT AS
OUR AGENT.

AND FIND
YOUR WAY TO
HEAVEN.

THERE ARE MANY GATES THAT
MUST BE PASSED TO ENTER
THE EGYPTIAN UNDERWORLD.

TWELVE CHAMBERS TO
PASS THROUGH, FILLED
WITH HORRORS AND
WONDERS AND TRIALS...



BUT THIS UNDERWORLD HAS LONG
BEEN BLEED FOR WORSHIP.

THE LAKES OF FIRE
SMOLDERED DOWN
TO SOFT EMBERS...

VENOM-SPITTING SERPENTS
VANISHED BACK INTO THE
SHADOWS TO HUNT VERMIN
THEY WOULD ONCE NEVER
HAVE DEIGNED TO EAT...



...AND ONLY THE FINAL
TRIAL REMAINS.

THE
WEIGHING
OF THE HEART.
YOU ARE SURE
YOU WISH TO
ENFORCE THIS,
ANUBIS?

All our
other defenses
have fallen,
Lucifer. Surely you
understand that such
traditions are
important?



NO. I
DON'T.

BUT
ANYTHING
FOR AN EASY
LIFE.



YOU'LL BE
NEEDING THIS,
YES?



place it
on the scale, it
shall be weighed
against the feather
of Maat. If it is
heavier...it shall be
fed to Ammit,
devourer of the
dead.

YES, YES.
HELLO, AMMIT,
IT'S A
PLEASURE.

SKRAW



MY
HEART IS
NEVER
HEAVY.

I DO AS
I WILL, AND
NEVER
OTHERWISE.

would
that all had
it that
easy.

welcome,
lightbringer,
to the chambers
of duat--i shall
escort you to
the throne of
osiris.

FAREWELL,
AMMIT. I HOPE
YOU FIND
SOMETHING TO
EAT SOON.



THIS WHOLE
UNDERWORLD IS
PASSING THROUGH
SOMETHING OF A
FAMINE, IS IT
NOT?



it is
so, lord
satan.

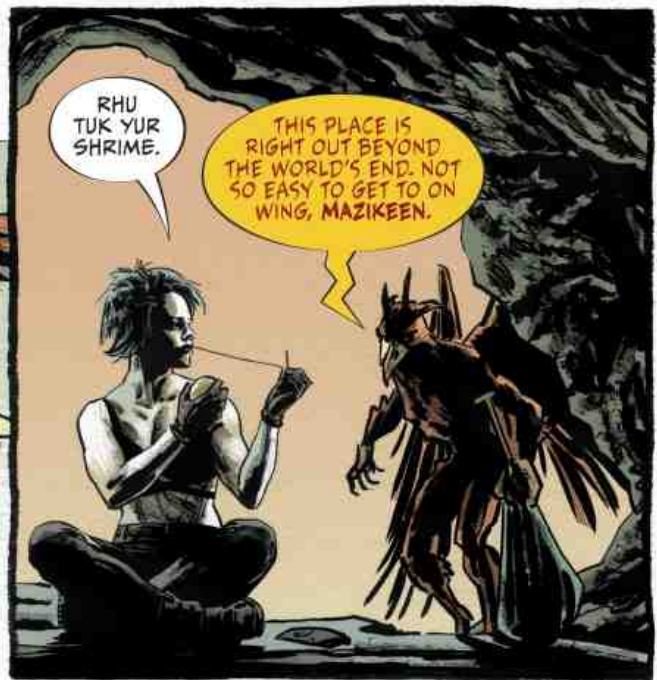
KING OSIRIS.
QUEEN ISIS. MY
GREETINGS AND
APOLOGIES AND
SO FORTH.

NO MORE
do the mortals
pray to **thoth** for
wisdom or **horus**
for strength. here
in our houses, we
go hungry.

None-
theless, you
are welcome
to what we
have.

come,
feast with
the old gods
of Egypt.







MUSH WHE
SHRUHRY GO
THROUGH RHISH
AGEHN?

HEARHEN
ISH RUKHING
FOUH RHU.

IF RHU
REAVE HEAH,
RHEY WIRL
PHOIND
RHU.



I HAVE
TOLD YOU AND
LUCIFER BOTH--I
CARE NOTHING FOR
HEAVEN, AND WON'T
BE BOUND HERE.
DON'T CROSS ME,
MAZIKEEN.

SHEND
THEESH
WHISHES WHERE
RHU WIRL.

EHEN IF
RHU CAERH
RUTHINK FUH
HEARHEN...



RIH DOUHT
RHU'LL EWA
SHEE CARIBAH
AGENH
RHOULD RUH
REAVE RISH
PLAYSH.





I DIDN'T
WISH TO EAT
BEFORE BEING
INVITED.

A comic book illustration of a man with horns and a mustache, looking distressed, with a hand holding a gun pointed at him.

That
came from
the front
gate!

Are we under attack? who would dare?

That came from the front gate!

SKRAAAA





you shall pay
gravely for that,
stranger.



THIS IS NOT A
STRANGER. DO
ALL CALM
DOWN.

THIS IS
MY SON.
CALIBAN.



HE OF THE
HEAVY HEART,
APPARENTLY.

HEAVY
WITH WHAT, I
WONDER?

GRIEF?
SELF-PITY?



TREACHERY?



I wished only to
speak with you,
Father.

But this
beast tried to
eat me.



WELL, SINCE HE'S
ALREADY HERE...

YOU WOULDN'T
MIND IF CALIBAN
JOINED US FOR OUR
FEAST--WOULD YOU,
LADY ISIS?

N-not
at all, lord
lucifer.



Father, the food is--

YES, LOOKS DELICIOUS DOESN'T IT?

EAT UP, CALIBAN.



you are staring, boy. Have you never seen an ibis before?

You are Thoth.



well, good to know that I am not entirely forgotten.

A moon god.

The moon god. Amongst other things, writing and so forth.



I worshipped a moon god for a long time, one named Setebos. And then I learned the god was not real.

Oh? NOT real for whom?



slow down, sekhmet. you'll give yourself heartburn.



Excuse me.

where are you going?

I don't know if gods piss, but I do.









THE MAZIKEEN KNOWS THAT THE WITCHES ARE LIABLE TO FORGET THAT SHE HAS HER OWN BRAND OF MAGIC.

FOR IT IS DEMON'S MAGIC, WHICH THEY THINK OF AS BRUTISH AND UNSUBTLE.



IT IS HER OWN BLOOD AND FLESH SHE SENDS OUT ON PATROL.



THAT SHE TELLS TO LOOK FOR THREATS THAT MIGHT SEEK TO HARM THE CHARGE SHE OPENLY LOATHES HERSELF.



FOR THOUGH SHE IS KNOWN TO BE FAITHFUL, THE BLOOD SHE PLUCKS FROM HER OWN SKIN IS HOT AND VENGEFUL AS EVER IT WAS WHEN SHE SERVED IN HELL.



BUT ALAS, "BRUTISH AND UNSUBTLE" MEANS THAT IT IS OFTEN ALSO CLUMSY, AND EASY TO AVOID...



HUUUUUURTING

ESPECIALLY IF
ONE'S ENEMIES
UNDERSTAND IT
WELL.

To Be Continued

Lucifer

"A FINE DAY FOR A BLACK MASS"

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LUCIFER based on characters created by Neil Gaiman, Sam Kieth, and Mike Dringenberg

Curated for THE SANDMAN UNIVERSE by Neil Gaiman



NEXT ISSUE: THE GASTRONOMY LESSON

Caliban is hungry. Starving on the streets of nineteenth-century England, Lucifer's son seeks his father through a deadly pact with a sadistic nobleman...and a grisly feast of forbidden flesh.

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SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

